

death, was in the navel. They had to apply to another one to get them out, for these Gentlemen content themselves with designating the evil. This one had to be entreated. He usually makes three demands when he comes to treat a sick person. The dogs must not howl, for his cures are only made in silence; he only applies his remedies in a place apart, and he will often make you carry a poor patient into the woods; and the Sky must be clear. Nevertheless he did not insist upon all these ceremonies on this occasion, for the patient was not carried out of the cabin, perhaps because the Sky was really cloudy and it rained a part of the day. That same day I accompanied the Reverend Father Superior to this place; the charlatan was still in the cabin; we found the Father, the mother, and nearly all the family at the door. This old man immediately made us a sign, and told us in a low voice that we should return. "Be satisfied," said he, "that she is baptized, only go and pray God that she may recover." This Sorcerer gave her a potion which, he said, must go directly down to the navel, where the seat of her disease was. But it went up, they say, to her ears, which immediately became swollen; [21] and shortly afterwards she died. When he was asked why his remedy had not taken effect, it was found that he had not been given all that he demanded,—above all, a pipe of red stone and a pouch for his tobacco. This is the way these jugglers delude these poor people. The chief point is that she died a Christian. All these remedies were procured for her by her parents, who looked upon them, as do most of the Savages, with the same eye with which we in France regard our most common remedies.